4.

ATALANTA.

CANTO I.

Ecce tibi *Heſperiæ* Tellus! hanc arripe velis. VIRG.

OF ALBION's reign, with delegated ſway,
O'er Indian realms, her progreſs and decline
Thro' factious uſurpation, till the pow'r
Of CONCORD, in her golden ſphere, diſpel
The gath'ring ſtorm, I ſing, on trembling wings
Borne by the Muſe o'er Atalanta's wave.

QUEEN of the ſong! who ſtrung the Latian lyre
To ſtrains ſublime, and crown'd the righteous cauſe,
When tyrant Julius, and his frantic train
Of tribunes leagu'd, o'erturning Freedom's ſeat,
And law and country in great Cato's fall,
Come from the ſacred hill! where with the Nine,
By bow'ring ſhades, and hallow'd ſtreams, you lead
The Roman bard, and twine with blooming flow'rs
His ſacred crown, and in oblivion ſoothe
His wounds, freſh ſtreaming for his country's woe:
O! aid the Muſe! elſe grov'ling, to aſcend
Th' etherial heights, where Fancy dwells; beſtow

A wreath to ſhade her leafleſs brow; ſhe ſings,
In liberal verſe, thy fav'rite theme attun'd
To native notes. And, THOU BRIGHT ORIENT BEAM
OF WAR! whoſe radiance gilds the martial praiſe
Of an ILLUSTRIOUS LINE, their loyal zeal,
Their pride of arms, their patriot love approv'd
In adverſe times, reflecting, as afar
Your ſparkling creſcent o'er the weſtern ſtorm
Smiles like ſome friendly planet, in thy ſphere
Diffuſing mild benevolence and joy,
Meet ſolace of the brave, who proud purſue
Your conquering banners on Atlanta's ſhore,
Smile on my ſtrains! ambitious of the ſhade
Your laurels yield, from Envy's blaſt, the Muſe
Thence culling flow'rs to deck her barren lay,
With PERCY's name would conſecrate her ſong.

BEYOND the blaze of grandeur, birth, or pow'r,
Long may thy brighter glory ſhine, and fame
Sound to the liſt'ning world, heroic praiſe
Crown'd with celeſtial clemency, who bids
The weak and injur'd reſt beneath thy ſhield.

FAIR ENGLAND'S awful Genius be thy guide
Thro' fields of war, thy heavenly guard to turn
The deadly ſhaft; and, as the ſtorm ſubſides,
Infold thy valour in a mother's arms,
Whilſt filial duty, at a PARENT'S TOMB,
Sad tribute pays, and wipe her SOLDIER'S tear.

FAR o'er the deep, where bright Hyperion decks
His weſtern throne, and Ocean's radiant queen,
With orient imitated ſtate receives
The ſpheres bright regent in his native clime,
A mighty region lies, extending vaſt

From the bleak Arctic to the golden South;
With crowding nations throng'd, a dauntleſs race
From Albion's iſle, nurs'd in Heſperian plains,
'Mid blooming dales, and groves, and copious ſtreams
Cerulean, where in ſilver circling arms
Majeſtic Thetis folds her fav'rite land,
The pride and bulwark of the weſtern world.

THIS rich domain Neptune of old conſign'd
His proffer'd dowry, when the Albion prince
Eſpous'd the Ocean's daughter: Long he urg'd
In Thetis' court his am'rous ſuit, and ſcarce
With ſov'reign honours won the royal maid;
What time the ſea gods all in marine ſtate
Rode forth, and gliding in their em'rald cars,
Nereus, and Doris, with their daughter train,
Brought home the bluſhing bride. In princely guiſe
With ruby crown, 'mid bending waves ſhe went
To Thamis' iv'ry hall; her ſpouſal ſong
The Syrens ſung, and the glad Tritons blew
Their coral trumpets: With oriſons pure
Each goddeſs bleſs'd their union; and to grace
With recompence their virtues, Neptune gave
This weſtern world, like a rich pearl, to deck
The golden ſplendours of their triple crown.

IN proud Auguſta thron'd, their ſov'reign race
With blameleſs rule their dove-like ſcepter ſway'd,
And wreath'd their coronal with radiance meet
Of mildneſs, clemency, and public love,
Attemp'ring public juſtice. Thro' the realm,
Like dulcet charm of ſpring, their influence beam'd,
Reſtoring nature; commerce, arts, and arms
That ſeven-fold ſhield, encircling all we prize,
Flouriſh'd; and Freedom dealt her bliſsful ſtore,

Inſpiring all. O'er hill and peopled plain
More ſweet the ſeaſons ſmil'd; ſtreamlet and flood,
And rural Thame, kiſſing their margin green,
Grottos, and bow'ring ſhades, glad winding, roll'd
Their tribute to the ocean; while the voice
Of happy nations, like the incenſe breath
Of dewy morn, when prime Aurora wakes
The grateful flowers, with meet reſponſe of praiſe
The fount explores whence all their bleſſings flow.

Nor leſs beyond the ſurge, their new domain,
Cheriſh'd in Albion's warm embraces, grew
A mighty empire, from the parent ſtate
Deriving pow'r, and firmneſs, native worth,
And that Promethean flame which fires the ſons
Of Albion, beam'd from Freedom's fearleſs eye.

For o'er this region fair, her fav'rite child,
Her lateſt, beſt belov'd, the Queen of Iſles
With doating fondneſs hung. Bright teeming Hope,
Foſt'ring their infancy, with tranſport's eye
Rapt into future golden dreams, repays,
Like a rich uſurer, with vaſt return
Her growing care. From every crouding port
The eager youth, whoſe manly boſoms burn
For vent'rous enterprize, like Hybla's ſwarm
In ſummer-tide, burſt forth. O'er the blue wave
Their daring ſails a new-found world explore:
Till drawn by joyful rumours of a land,
Like eaſtern Charan, or the blooming dales
Of bliſsful Eden water'd, to their lure
The fervent nation haſted; Ocean groan'd
Beneath the cumbrous navies; and the winds
Had grudg'd their office, but that now they bore
Such ſacred freight of freedom's ſons, of arts,

And induſtry, to poliſh, not lay waſte,
The faireſt portion of the new found world.
The Nereids from cryſtalline grots aſcend,
To ſmooth their path; and in their rocky fort
Stern Æolus his bluſt'ring bands confin'd.
In van, with trident ſcepter grac'd, the Sire
Of ocean led their wat'ry caravan;
'Till, ſafely landed on the promis'd ſhore,
Where her proud palace ſhines with iv'ry tow'rs,
And brazen valves, the ABLION GODDESS ſpoke,
While liſt'ning ſilence held the circling throng.

" YE BRITONS! whoſe aſpiring minds ſurmount
" All dangers, braving the rude winds and waves,
" Who waft my native treaſures, richer far
" Than eaſtern pearl or gold, here fix your ſeats;
" And as my victor navies ride the main
" With naval thunders, to ſubdue the pride
" Of guilty tyrants, in your charge rejoice
" To bleſs the nations; pour with lib'ral hand
" The ſacred gifts on each neglected ſhore,
" That bounteous Heav'n may ſee the tribute praiſe
" Of good diffuſive, and the poor, and weak,
" And erring ſtranger in thy light rejoice.

" Go! where aſſenting fates ordain; extend
" Th' entruſted talents to remoteſt climes.
" Unto theſe wond'ring Indian realms diſplay
" My croſs and banner, ſigns of ſacred peace
" And amity, like Heav'n's bright bow, to calm
" The lowring ſtorm, and bid wild diſcord ceaſe.

" Go! fix the barrier where uſurping night
" May hide remote till the bright day ſtar riſe,
" And drive rude Ignorance thy moody train,

" With frantic ſuperſtition, to their place;
" Where endleſs war and rapine, lawleſs pow'r,
" And bondage grim, and deſolation rude,
" And burning zeal, the fierceſt, worſt of fiends
" That e'er from Erebus aſſail'd, may find
" Their cruel fangs reſtrain'd: Behind my ſhield,
" Their refuge, bid the welcome nations reſt
" From harm, as in their peaceful ſanctuary;
" Their Indian kings, and feather cinctur'd chiefs,
" And various quiver'd tribes, whoſe peaceful ſeats,
" In friendly league, you ſhelter, not deſtroy.

" AND ſee! where in yon fertile iſlands, crown'd
" With bow'ring ſhades, the wood nymphs fair invite,
" As in Calypſo's haunt, your bleſs'd delay;
" Or by the margin of cerulean floods,
" Swell'd with a hundred tributary ſtreams
" Salubrious, chooſe your ſeat; or in the plain
" Skirted with diſtant hills and ancient woods,
" Where gay Pomona ſmiles, and bellowing herds
" With native freedom range in luſty droves,
" Their rural theatre. What Heav'n beſtows,
" Who guides the fervent nations, ſees them riſe,
" Or from their radiant zenith ſet in ſhades,
" Ranging their progreſs, ſummit and decline,
" With reverence I intruſt your charter'd right,
" In duteous ſubord'nation to the realm,
" The PARENT REALM, whence all your bleſſings flow.

" NURS'D in her foſt'ring arms your tribes ſhall riſe
" A mighty nation, 'mid the ſunny vales
" Like Iſrael 'camping, numerous, nor enſlav'd
" By tyrants fang: Your own AUGUSTUS reigns,
" And decks with public love his CIVIC CROWN.
" Beneath the refuge of his ſcepter'd arm

" Poſſeſs this fertile land: The village gay
" With rural induſtry conſtruct; with walls
" And ranged ſtreets, and ſpiry turrets plan
" Imperial cities; and from op'ning ports,
" Where the glad voice of mariner reſounds,
" As to the whiſtling winds aloft he gives
" The ſwelling ſail and waves his laſt adieu,
" Send forth your trading fleets to hide the ſeas.

" Nor fear the hoſtile foe, with Envy's eye
" Malignant ſtill, repining at your good.
" With ſeven-fold ſhield your own AUGUSTUS guards
" The ſons of freedom; ev'ry tyrant's dread,
" His thund'ring fleets and conqu'ring hoſts ſhall ſhake
" Each adverſe ſhore, and watch your riſing ſtates,
" Impregnable as Tigris mural pride;
" While, like the lowly ſhrub, which grov'ling ſhades
" Unmark'd the foreſt walk, your power at firſt
" In gradual progreſs ſhall in time aſcend
" To match your native oak, and by the ſtreams
" Of many rivers ſhoot his moiſten'd roots,
" And ſpread on high the branches of his ſtrength,
" Wide ſhadowing many a ſhore, and myriads glad
" Beneath his goodly foliage. Now afar
" Extatic Hope, with eye prophetic, looks
" Into futurity; and you ſhall riſe
" Another empire in the radiant weſt;
" Reflecting Albion's glory, bold and free,
" The ſeat of arts and commerce, the defence
" Of nations wrong'd, the ſcourge of guilty pow'r,
" Surpaſſing Mexico, and fam'd Peru
" By rich Potoſi's flood, or diamond blaze
" Of great Golconda thron'd in eaſtern wave.

" Go! in the ſmiles of Providence ſecure

" From ſlaviſh yoke, increaſe and multiply;
" And O your better liberty maintain
" Againſt theſe worſt of enemies to man,
" Abhorr'd Impiety, luxurious Guilt,
" Corruption's ſecret canker, and the fiends
" Of madd'ning Faction, who, beneath the maſk
" Of ſpecious freedom, like night felons ſteal
" To thrall the unwary brave: deſpoil'd of all
" Their peace and conſcience, from deluſive dream
" They wake deſpairing; with malignant joy
" The tempters lead, and down the headlong ſteep
" Of parricide and ruin urge their prey.

" By Heav'n conjoin'd the ties of nature bind
" The parent and his children; your deſcent
" Implies ſubordination; and the pow'r
" Which props your weakneſs claims a meet return:
" Obſervant of her ſway, fair Albion's right
" Revere as ſacred: burſt one ſmalleſt link
" Of that eternal adamantine chain
" Which binds the golden planets to their ſpheres,
" Union and life, and order muſt diſſolve,
" And univerſal ruin cruſh the pole."

The Goddess ſpoke; and breathing in her ſons,
With gracious inſpiration, high reſolves,
Benignant purpoſe, ardor, patience firm,
Along the ſmiling floods and blooming dales,
Like a young heir rejoicing to poſſeſs,
With buoyant hope, ſome vaſt inheritance,
The guardian Genius led their eager way.

So where ſteep Orca's rocky front o'erhangs
The northern foam, high in his airy build
The royal eagle tends his lordly young

With brooding wings, and marks their native fire,
Their piercing eye, and pounces ſtrong, the dread
Of Scandian vultures; from his rocky fort,
Now fit to rear a kingdom of their own,
He drives them forth; with enterpriſing flight,
In mutual league, on ſailing vans they ride
The fluid air, and o'er the feather'd tribes,
The vaſſals of their empire, ſtretch their ſway
For many a league, and rule in diſtant iſles.

THE Muſe, who in her ſimple mirror ſhews
Things paſt in brief review, omits the toil
And painful ſtruggles of their riſing ſtates;
Nor will ſhe yet her record ſtain with broils,
And war, and moody diſcord; theſe, alas!
With ten-fold horrors on a bloody ſtage
Re-acting, claim her future funeral ſong.
O! might her numbers ſuit her mournful theme,
And Heaven in mercy cloſe the ſcene of death,
As ſad remembrance blots the verſe with tears.

AND let me charm a while the pangs of woe,
In ſweet oblivion, as I ſhift the ſong
To happier ſcenes, illum'd with peace and joy.

YE venerable names! Paternal chiefs!
Who fix'd the baſis of your infant ſtates
With perſevering toil, and gave them laws,
Thou noble CALVERT! Patriot PEN, long try'd
In broils thrice loyal BERKELY firm, and thou
Immortal RHALEIGH! ill requited chief,
Whoſe ſoul invincible, thro' bonds and death,
With Roman ſpirit fought the public good;
O deign! from your high ſphere, to lead the Muſe
O'er your vaſt empire, thron'd in civil pride

Of late, and ſoon from the wide waſting ſtorm
To riſe a glorious fabric; the review
May yield your high ſenſations pauſe, and cloſe
Your wound freſh bleeding o'er your country's fate.

And what a goodly region courts my ſong!
Extenſive, fertile, whoſe fair blooming ſhores,
Heſperian gardens, by the ſacred Nine
Of old reveal'd, now to their fav'rite iſle
Bequeath'd, in more than bliſsful viſion rear
Their fragrant boſoms to th' enamour'd ſun;
While up their ſilver winding rivers glide
The fleets of wealthy Commerce, and explore
Like other Jaſons Colchis golden ſtrand;
Not yielding to the fam'd Phœnician clime,
In power and merchandiſe; or where the floods
Of Pegu and Camboia, Indian realms,
Roll gold and pearl down the ſparkling wave.

Another Albion, daughter of the ſea,
And regal queen, her ſcepter here extends
From the ſouth ſultry cape, to where the tribes
Of ancient Apalach their warlike ſeats
Maintain'd by Santee or Savannah's ſhores;
Till on that ſolemn day, their regal crown
With eagle plumage, in firm treaty they
In Thames' hall reſign'd at BRUNSWICK's feet.
Their friendly tribes and Apalachian Kings
To weſtern hills retir'd, the wealthy ſoil
In freighted navies her Sicilian ſtores
From Aſhley's tide to diſtant ports conveys.

Contiguous, o'er the foaming brine are ſeen
Like a ſlow exhalation to ariſe,
The pleaſing villages, and ſhady iſles,

Where Anglia's veſtal queen of old reclaim'd
VIRGINIA's Pagan ſons: They down the wave
Of vaſt Potammoc with their quiver'd chiefs,
And ſtrange attire, their ancient ſeats perfum'd
With aromatic herb review; or where
The blooming orchards baſking to the ſun
Unfold their purple fruitage, ſoon to flow
In ſparkling wines profuſe, or where the pride
Of laurel and of flowr'y poplars grace
The fragrant ſhores, and charm the raviſh'd ſenſe
Of ling'ring mariner, in grateful ſhade,
They hold rich traffic with their ſilvan ſpoils.

HENCE to the north expands the OCEAN'S BAY
In giant ſtate, rejoicing in his ſtrength,
Where kindred nations in his arms repoſe,
And tow'ring cities glitt'ring o'er the wave,
With op'ning ports and fleets that hide the ſeas.
His hundred floods circling their verdant iſles,
And cedar groves, and wide extended plains,
Where ſtalk the buffalo and branching elk,
Confeſs O BALTIMORE! thine ancient ſway,
And thine prime patriot PEN! not leaſt in fame.

BUT what FAIR PROVINCE! to the ſolar beam
Gives all her lib'ral boſom, rich, adorn'd
With gifts of Ceres! her ſweet rural ſeats,
And pop'lous cities riſe, her greenwood ſhades,
And mountains: thron'd amid her ſea-like floods,
Which from the ocean's northern lakes deſcend,
Which circling many an Indian tribe rejoice,
To lave with ſwelling tides her peopl'd ſhores;
Like Memphis' queen ſhe ſits in conſcious pride,
Another ENGLAND, nurſe of arts and arms,
With num'rous navies to controul the ſeas;

Whilſt her coy SISTER, in romantic view,
With dales, and chryſtal lakes, and mountain woods,
Bold CALEDONIA, girt with choſen KNIGHTS,
High to the north her rocky bulwark ſtands.

EASTWARD, chryſtalline bound, the Atlantic brine
Inveſts the mighty region; ſouth and weſt
The mountains with their Indian tribes; and where
The empire verges toward the freezing pole,
Vaſt lakes, their inland ſeas, whence foaming burſt,
With thund'ring noiſe, adown the headlong ſteep,
Canada's ſwelling tides, and to the main
Receding, with collected deluge flow.

YE POW'RS! who, thron'd above the ſpheres, ordain
The fate of nations; who their teeming birth,
Their growing ſtrength, their tide of glory, mark
With gracious eye; as once your prophet ſaw,
In wond'rous trance, on Zion's ſacred hill,
The holy waters from the myſtic place,
The golden ſanctuary of God, aſcend,
And round the purple altar, in their courſe
Increaſing, from the lofty portals, flow
A mighty river; on whoſe crowding banks
They quaff'd new life, and trees of every kind
Yielded their fruits for food, and o'er the weak,
With healing influence, ſpread their cooling ſhade:
'Twas you, ye heavenly Pow'rs! who bid the light
Of radiant truth, ſprung from the Sovereign Mind,
To gild the Gentile ſhores; and, with the ſun
Journeying, on the benighted ſtrangers beam
Day-ſpring of grace and joy; and ALBION ſent
To ſhow'r your bleſſings on a promis'd land.

'TWAS you aſſign'd them portions, nurs'd their ſtates,

Their temples rear'd, and in the charm of peace
The ſable natives roving bands confin'd:
Bleſs'd your high care by the cerulean ſtream,
With arts and increaſe: by the hand ſuſtain'd
Which guides the planets in their orbs, they roſe
As by a new creation, like the ſons
Of ſtormy Adria, or the Belgæ fam'd
For toilſome perſeverance. Nature's face
By wondrous tranſmutation they ſubdu'd
To form their varied plan: the marſhy plain,
Drain'd of its moiſture, roſe in village ſcenes,
With flow'ry circling meads: their cedar groves
And ancient oaks, a venerable ſhade,
Gave place; and where the howling wolves did haunt
In troops, and the green ſerpent roll'd his train,
Th' induſtrious planter ploughs the fertile ground,
And all the valley ſmiles with waving corn.

The nymphs and ſilvans left their cool retreats,
In grot, and ſhaggy hill, and wond'ring ſaw
Strange towns uſurp their native haunt, and woods
Of uncouth hue and foreign harveſts riſe:
Saw with ſad eyes, prophetic of their doom,
The city's turret pride, the baſtion firm,
The circling moat, and penſile bridge abrupt,
The piled magazines of death, and dread
His brazen thunders lowring o'er the dale.
Or hapleſs exiles on the daſhing beach,
Aghaſt beheld the ſolid mound work on
Its huge barrier to curb th' indignant tides;
And the capacious port with giant arms
Wide graſping to enchain the ſubject waves:
Whilſt blooming Doris, and her ſea-green train,
With troubled looks, beneath the trembling ſurge,
Explore their chryſtal caves, and Ocean ſhook
With boding fears for his decreaſing ſway.

But ſay, ye tuneful Siſters! ye who watch'd
Their dawn of glory, till it mounted ſwift
To its meridian clime, and on the gaze
Of wond'ring nations, from its zenith beam'd
Like a new ſtar! ſay, from what central ſource
This meteor drew ſupplies? Th' infuriate blaze
Of headlong faction, like the comet's courſe,
To fierce extremes, or as Veſuvius' rage,
The world's incendiary, while inteſtine ſtorm
In horror reigns, dread on the midnight ſky
Vents his dilacerate bowels, ſurging fire,
Nitre, and blazing maſs, could never ceaſe
Such paſtime, to illume a nation's fame.

Nor thine illiberal hand, whoſe iron rod
Peruvian princes quell'd, and, hapleſs doom!
Freeborn enchain'd to dig Iberian mines,
Infernal avarice! by whatever name
Ador'd, could mean Oppreſſion's taſk forego
To build ſo fair a ſtructure. On the wreck
Of nations proſtrate let the guilty thrones
Of Turkiſh or of Chriſtian tyrants riſe,
Founded in blood. Amidſt imperious waves,
Bedeck'd with trophies proud, and treaſur'd ſtore,
The ſpoils of conquer'd provinces, again
Let mighty Ecbatan, with mural pride,
Far o'er the ſubject eaſt her ſceptre ſtretch,
And half the world enchain in ſlaviſh yoke.
From no unhallowed ſource their greatneſs grew,
Nor avarice vile, nor inſolence of pow'r,
Nor ſavage war with hoſts diſtain'd in blood,
Or thron'd in ſpoil, the trophies of her guilt.

What gave them ſtrength and riches was the ſoul
Of public Virtues; they, in bright patrole,

From England's ſhores, with golden light of morn,
Deſcending, thro' the ſmiling region ſpread
Celeſtial influence: them the MAJESTIC QUEEN
Of iſles, begirt with her auſpicious train
Of potent charm, to bleſs her favour'd land
On gracious viſit led. O'er the blue waves,
That ſtoop'd their foaming pride, in gorgeous ſtate
Imperial, 'mid the blooming Nereid throng,
With looks of high demeanor, that beſpoke
Her ſov'reign ſtation, in chryſtalline car,
She rode a marine deity. The deeps
From all their caves command the ſcaly throng
To make her homage; and the winds and waves
In gratulation ſmooth her wat'ry way,
Like Neptune's queen confeſs'd: a verdant wreath
Of Britiſh oak her radiant treſſes bound;
And on her brow, enchaſs'd, a ruby crown
Glitter'd with naval trophies; whilſt afar
Her red croſs ſhield, like Jove's dread ægis, blaz'd
Terrific ſplendors, that diſmay'd the fiends
Of diſcord, war, and rapine. Ocean's floods
Obſequious on her trident ſceptre wait,
Enſign of wide controul; and the rough ſtorms
Which vex the main, in peaceful league combine
To waft her voyage, and her robe expand
Of lively azure dye, beſpangled fair
With glitt'ring ſtars, that rule the ſwelling ſeas
In diſtant climes which own her naval ſway.

SHE came and in her foſt'ring arms embrac'd,
With mother's joy, the kindred climes, the face
Of various nature ſmil'd; the rural plain,
And crouding mart conceiv'd new life; the ſhouts
Of grateful nations ſhook the rebounding ſhore,
For with her went her bevy fair, the train

Of guardian genii em'lous like their queen
To mark their bright'ning way, and bleſs mankind.

FIRST, FREEDOM, goddeſs of the fearleſs eye,
Daughter of heav'n, who with etherial grace
Redeems the world from fang of guilty pow'r;
At whoſe dread voice the proudeſt thrones will ſhake
Of Turk, or Chriſtian tyrant, and the brave
Burſt from their chains, reviving at the ſound.
Of port ſublime, celeſtial beauty glow'd
O'er all her form: full to the ſwelling gale
Her lib'ral boſom roſe, and ev'ry look
Diſclos'd the ſoul within, the gen'rous ſigh
For injur'd right, the lofty ſentiment,
The godlike aim to perfect man, the flame
Of public love enliv'ning all, and thence
Sov'reign diſdain of ſlaviſh yoke, and keen
With native ſenſe of inſult, or of wrong,
That Argus jealouſy with watchful eye.
Conſcious of worth innate, and high deſigns
Of good to all her ſons, the beam of joy
And virtue's tranſport glow'd in ev'ry charm.

FOLLOWING their ſacred guide the enamour'd throng
Confeſs the guardian pow'r, while Faction fierce
With diſcord, anarchy, and civil rage
Fled the effulgence to their howling caves
Of native Erebus. No portion ſhe
Had in licentious works of wild miſrule,
Where ruffian force and rapine fell devour
The peace of injur'd nations, and the bands
Of Belial's ſons invade their country's right
With parricide. With cordial mind ſhe came
To heal diſſentions, and eſtabliſh peace,
To quell each ſelfiſh faction, and conſtruct

The general good on firm connected baſe
Of civil right, and legal government.
On ſuch foundations, in her native iſle,
Albion, the world's proud envy, and their dread,
Aroſe; and from her patriot SENATE, where
Her fires congenial blaze from ſoul to ſoul,
With growing flame, to light declining times,
She comes on grateful errand, to transfuſe
The PARENT's ſpirit in her gen'rous SONS.

AND with them came, returning from the ſkies,
Her native ſeat, the grave majeſtic form
Of awful JUSTICE, delegate of Heav'n,
Whoſe ſolemn ſentence, pure from paſſion's ſtain,
And guardian care, the public glory builds,
Bold Guilt controuls, and ſuff'ring Virtue cheers,
And ſaves the nations verging to decay;
'Till on the flaming arch the ſapphire throne
Shall blaze, and GOD's eternal KINGDOM reign.

FOR this ſhe bears th' entruſted golden ſcale,
Pois'd by the hand of Rectitude, the ſword,
Enſign of pow'r ſupreme, her righteous doom
With backward hand inflicting ſtill, and looks
Of ſad commiſeration for their fate;
Yet from the ſacred truſt and gen'ral weal
Inflexible, firm judgment ſhe maintains,
Tho' ſlow yet ſure; nor can revolting Guilt
Impeach the ſentence, by his judging peers,
As by th' internal voice of conſcience paſt,
Self-judging, ſelf-condemn'd. O! privilege high
Of ALBION's ſons! freeborn! long may they boaſt
Their ſacred right, nor feel the heavieſt ſcourge,
When life, and fame, and kindred, all we prize,
Muſt bleed to glut a tyrant's haſty rage.

WHAT radiant female form from yon bright cloud
Deſcends! her ſolemn garb, her incens'd blaze
From golden cenſer, her enraptur'd eye
Converſing with the ſkies, her roll unſeal'd
To public view, RELIGION's pow'r proclaim,
As pure from violence, and low deſigns,
And ſuperſtitious rites, with reaſon's beam
And lib'ral ſoul, the genuine fruit of faith,
She comes to honour God, and raiſe mankind:
To ſtrengthen every ſocial tie, extend,
Godlike, the ſphere of charity, and truth;
To give the laws new force, and bind the floods
Of vice and bold impiety, to bear
Celeſtial day to regions dark, unfold
Her volume and her crimſon croſs, inſure
The precious gifts they ſhare by doing good,
And ſanctify their bleſſings, as from hearts
Flowing with gratitude the incenſe breath
Of faith and love to Heav'n's high throne aſcends.

THUS came RELIGION; and with her combin'd
In league of amity, her daughter bright,
Sweet PEACE, her genuine offspring, ere of yore
Selfiſh Ambition, Pride, and worldly Love,
Begot wild ſuperſtition's jarring train
Of vain imaginations, forms of faith
Erroneous, rites diſcordant, whence the plagues
Of ſtrife, and ſchiſm, headlong zeal, and war,
And bloody perſecution. She, adorn'd
In robes of innocence, with placid mien,
And eye that beam'd benevolence, emblem meet
Of peace celeſtial, on her errand went,
To diſſipate each gath'ring ſtorm, and lay
The ſurge of outrage: fled from guilty climes,
Where Diſcord ſounds her clarion, rouſing war,

With carnage oft to drench the eaſtern world
In Turk or Chriſtian blood, in calm receſs
She ſmiles ſweet influence, height'ning ev'ry bliſs
By its aſſurance. She like brothers bound
The ſeparate ſtates in pleaſing chains of love
And kindred intercourſe; her brooding wings,
Her olive branch, and dove-like ſcepter ſpread,
And bid the land beneath her ſhade repoſe.

HER meet compeer, with her the radiant dame
Of elevated thought, and piercing eye,
Converſing with the pole her kindred clime,
Bright SCIENCE, went aſſociate. She who burſt
The chains of Gothic darkneſs, and on minds
Depreſs'd by ignorance pour'd her lib'ral day.
Fled from the waſte of war, the jarring broils
Of ſordid paſſion, to the ſacred ſhades,
Inviolate, of academic lore,
Her peaceful ſanctuary, ſhe, with the Nine
Harmonious maids converſing, and the ſoul
Of Plato, and immortal ſeers renown'd,
In ſolitude, and contemplation, yields
The hours to wiſdom's keen reſearch, in chace
Of radiant TRUTH, in ſecret depths conceal'd,
Of coy receſs, till ſhe, the brighteſt maid
That ever ſhone in blooming charms, is found,
Sweet ſolace of their toil. Heard ye the ſtrain!
From DEVA's wave adown fair ALBION's vale,
And ſacred ſhades, re-echoed to the ear
Of Contemplation. Hark! their MINSTREL wakes,
By modeſt merit crown'd, the tuneful quires,
With dulcet ſymphony, and leads the throng
Encharm'd in moral exſtacy, and takes
With thrilling raviſhment the willing ſoul.

THE QUEEN of ARTS, fair daughter of the ſphere,
Rode with her train majeſtic: on her brow
In bright effulgence beam'd her ſtarry crown:
With pictur'd zodiac bound, her flowing robe
Shone with the hues of Iris' vivid bow:
And in her hand her golden ſcepter ſway'd
With myſtic charm, thro' ocean, earth, and ſky;
Cheriſh'd the ſiſter arts, embelliſh'd life,
The elements controul'd, wild paſſion's rage,
A nobler taſk, even ſavage tribes ſubdu'd
To her mild reign, and for celeſtial climes,
With ſtrains angelic, harmoniz'd mankind.

BUT who is ſhe! rob'd like ſome Tyrian queen,
In ſweeping purple ſtole, where meet pourtray'd,
As in celeſtial canopy, the train
Of conſtellations bright; the northern bands
Of ſlow Bootes, Orion vaſt, and fires
Of ſouthern Argo, ſteer their radiant way:
In ſov'reign ſtate, o'er the tranſlucent waves,
Her coral throne, thick ſet with pearly ſhell
Glitters, and on her head imperial crowns.
'Tis COMMERCE; ſhe who ſways the circling ſeas
In ev'ry clime, and to remoteſt ſhores
Her ſcepter'd mace, emblem of peace, extends;
Who binds the nations, by oppoſing floods,
Or demons of ambition, pride, and war,
Diſjoin'd, in ſocial intercourſe, and pours
Like Amalthea from her copious ſtore,
Increaſing treaſures, to exalt the fame
Of kingdoms rais'd on opulence and pow'r.

FROM the degenerate nations ſunk in ſloth,
Or plung'd in guilt, where ſavage Mars invades,
And Rapine oft her peaceful caravan,

Apart retiring, on Heſperian ſhores,
Her new receſs, ſhe holds gay reſidence:
For with her came the founders of her reign
In ancient times; dread Neptune who inveſts
The circling globe, with Nereus and his ſons,
The hoary Phorcis, Belus great, and he
Cerulean augur Glaucus, Triton huge,
With ſounding ſhell, who bids the ocean reſt,
Or blows the ſignal when conflicting deeps
Outſtorm the winds; the blooming Cretan dame,
Bright Ariadne, Bacchus' ſpouſe, and ſhe,
Far-fam'd of yore, Aſtarte, Tyrian queen,
Who rules the tides, and Maia's winged ſon.

HYPOTADES was there, who holds the winds
And adverſe ſtorms in cuſtody; to ſmooth
The wat'ry way, fair Leda's twins, and ſhe,
Prime queen of eve, who leads the ſtarry train,
And lights the ocean's path, bright Heſper's beam.
Nor were they wanting, Doris' blooming band
She bore to Nereus, nymphs with dimpling ſmiles,
And winning looks, to calm the winds and ſeas,
While Halcyon broods upon her wat'ry couch,
And the lone dame, with ghaſtly forms of ſleep
Diſmay'd, ſurveys the main, and wiſhful waits
Her lord's return, yet dreads his long delay.
Erato prime, who combs her raven hair,
While Zephyr breathes, chaſte Galatea deem'd,
Abhorring rage, ſince Acis' hapleſs wound,
The friend of mariners; Cymothoe fleet,
Who treads the foam, ſmooth Panope who plays
Amid the Syren ſiſters, while they ſing,
With kind Cymodice, the waves to reſt,
And blend ſweet voices with Arion's lyre.

AMID her troop the pow'r of COMMERCE rode
Sublime; around her, rang'd in circling line,
Like whit'ning creſcent, o'er the ſurging foam,
Her crouding navies march'd in bright array,
Hiding the ſea-green wave: more num'rous far
Than theſe who plough'd the fam'd Trinacrian ſeas,
From Afric, or the Syrian country, fraught
With rich returns; or they who from the coaſt
Of golden Havilah, or fragrant Ind,
Replete with coſtly merchandize, explor'd
From ſpicy iſles, the Erythrean wave.

LAST came bold FORTITUDE, with feature firm,
And manly port, whoſe dauntleſs ſoul can brave
All dangers, and all hardſhips bear, ſuſtain'd,
Thro' ev'ry ſuff'rance, by the great deſign,
Which in his breaſt expands, like the firm oak,
Which mocks in native pride the northern blaſt.
INDUSTRY too, with cheerful eye, who loathes
Enervate ſloth, and, on his taſk intent,
Salutes the early dawn; and honeſt TOIL,
Vig'rous, with ſpreading cheſt, and limbs embrown'd
With duſt and ſweat, whoſe brawny arm ſupports
The fabric of the ſtate, who feeds the weak
And indigent, and gives ingrateful ſloth
And lordly pride to riot on his ſpoils,
In dreſs and luxury. From native iſles
HYGEIA, blooming queen of health, who led
Young Hymen with his jocund train, and torch
Enkindling fond deſire; and bluſhing ſweet
As beauty, roſe full on the raviſh'd eye,
HEBE, like morning breath of op'ning flow'rs,
When vernal zephyrs born on purple wing
Brood o'er the fragrant ſpoil in ſweet delay,
Emblem of female charm and nuptial love.

SUCH the celeſtial VIRTUES in her train
Aſſociate, and with theſe the ALBION QUEEN
Thro' all her provinces luſtration held,
Diffuſing gracious influence. Their approach,
As when the golden planets in their ſpheres
Combine with kindly aſpect, brighten'd up
The various face of Nature, and renew'd
With ſweet viciſſitude the peopl'd ſhores
And rural plain. Or ſhould the Muſe purſue
The parent Genii, where in crouding mart,
And princely cities they auſpicious ſhed
Their ſovereign virtues, and thro' nations beam'd
As from their central throne the genial ray
She marks their nobleſt triumph; ſees the brood
Of adverſe dæmons, of rapacious pow'r,
Impiety, and fierce Contention quell'd,
And Hydra guilt with beſtial train, the fiends
Of Riot, Sloth, Injuſtice, who bequeath
To their foul race remorſeful portion ſtamp'd
With loſs, and miſery, and endleſs woe.
She ſees the felons ſhun the bleſs'd approach,
As when Aurora gilds the bright'ning eaſt,
Nocturnal ſhadows fly th' etherial beam.

THEN like Sidonian mart proud BOSTON roſe,
With ſtately bulwarks round her parent waves,
Riv'ling Egyptian Pharos. The vaſt port,
Her ſilver creſcent, in bright circle folds
The fleets of commerce fraught with various ſtores,
Her wealthy merchandiſe; ſeen on the flood
Tremble her glitt'ring ſpires. Th' emporium fair
With many a ſplendid dome, and crowding ſtreets,
The haunt of induſtry and riches, ſhews
A marine amphitheatre afar
O'er ocean radiant by the eaſtern ray.

Nor leſs, her lordly rival 'mid the pride
Of ſwelling floods, and verdant iſles, fair York
Shone in Imperial ſtate; her beauty, far,
Like Solyma with lofty temples crown'd,
The Indian kings adown her wand'ring wave,
With annual tribute woo; while o'er the brine
To Thames full wave remote her navies ride,
And princely merchants court her Colchian ſhore.

Who yonder lifts her regal tow'rs amid
Cool bow'rs and fragrant ſhades, that Nature ſeems
Transform'd, and Pan and bounteous Ceres chooſe
Their urban reſidence: here patriot Penn
His peaceful brethren fix'd, not by the arm
Of barbarous war, but friendly treaties held
With Indian tribes, who, from the purchas'd land
Receding to their hunter grounds, the ſeats
Of virtuous Induſtry, 'mid confluent ſtreams
And Sylvan ſcenes, and orchard's blooming pride,
He rang'd like Eden's groves, and on the plan
Of order and proportion, meet for trade,
Bid Philadelphia, queen of cities, riſe,
Image of her who grac'd Chaldean plains
In traffic, ſite, and order, e'er the floods
Of impious pride and luxury o'erthrew
Euphrates' glory. On that guilty ſhore
O had the plague been ſtay'd! nor diſcord wav'd
Her fury's torch, nor waſte, and impious war,
Fell ſcourge of vice, profan'd the ſeats of peace,
Of loyalty and virtue. Oh! how fallen
From thy meridian glory, like a ſtar,
Proud Atalanta! in the radiant weſt
Enthron'd, as queen of many provinces.
How deſolate thy mournful cities! once
The rendezvous of nations. Hark! the voice

Of lamentation; war and ſtorm beſiege
Her trembling gates: the virgin's piercing cry,
And frantic widow's, who lament the ſlain,
Their parents, brothers, huſbands, rend the ſkies:
While parricide, and fire, and bigot zeal
Fiercer than both, kindles the deſperate brand
That impious gives their ſtreets and temples fair
To horrid conflagration. Hark! the ſhriek
Of miſery aſcends, and dæmons ſhout
Exulting in their ruin. Thus, when Heav'n
Her flaming miniſters of juſtice ſends
To humble guilt, the dread convulſion ſhakes
The groaning earth; ſulphureous lightnings dart
From yawning chaſm abrupt, and involv'd
In one wide ſpreading vortex of deſpair,
With all her ſhrieking myriads gulph'd in fire,
Deſcends ſome proud emporium: ſuch thy fate,
Palermo, ſuch Peruvian Lima, reft
Of all your grandeur in the drear abyſs.

But from ſuch ſcenes of horror may the Muſe,
Wand'ring with tears of ſacred pity, turn
In meet commiſeration, and her theme
Reſume with orient rays of hope, to change
The wreck of war to peace, thro' HIM who rides
Serene the deep'ning tempeſt's wings, who calms
The waves of civil diſcord, and conſtrains
The wrath of man to peaceful works of praiſe
In golden years advancing. Stretch the eye
Of kindling fancy from the ſultry cape
Of ſouthern Auguſtine, to where the main
Hoarſe ſounding foams wide o'er the frozen coaſt
Of Ladrador, what mighty nations riſe,
Of various climate, policy, and ſtrength,
Em'lous of pow'r, aſpiring to be great,

And each his neighbour with the rival eye
Of jealouſy obſerving, firmly bound
In meet ſubordination by the power
Who gives them life, who gave them liberty,
And every gift which makes life worth poſſeſſing.
How fair their cities riſe! how rich in trade,
And various induſtry, the fountain pure
From pride and luxury, which feeds the ſtrength,
A nation's ſtrength, from her increaſing ſons.

SEE how with lib'ral eye, that gracious ſpeaks
Love and benevolence, in ſocial band
The guardian POWERS walk forth. Bright PEACE extends
Her olive branch, the PUBLIC INTEREST ſmiles
Aſſenting league; with harmleſs policy
ASTREA lifts her righteous ſcale to prop
On baſis firm the ſtable ſtate, while round
Her golden chain of UNION, to cement
The general weal, auſpicious CONCORD drew.

THEN roſe RELIGION's ſacred domes, and wak'd
Her ſolemn quires: the uſeful arts diffus'd
With SCIENCE their prime guide to great deſigns,
Congenial influence, over all ſupreme,
Imparting wealth, and firmneſs 'ſtam'd the ſoul,
The ſov'reign virtue, which of old blaz'd forth
Like inſpiration in her patriot ſons,
To build the Roman and the Grecian fame,
The PUBLIC LOVE, which burns from heart to heart
In ALBION's race; which, like the fire he ſtole
From Heav'n's high ſphere, inſpires congenial life
Thro' the elſe lumpiſh maſs; and quelling ſtrong
Each ſelfiſh wiſh, the mercenary view,
Corruption's brood, the ſwelling pride of rank,
Each jarring principle, on ſolid baſe
Of equal life their ballanc'd pow'rs ſuſtain'd.

THE crowding coaſts with gratulation hail
The POW'RS whoſe ſmile renews the grateful land,
And woo their reſidence with them to dwell
In bleſs'd affinity. In triumph they
At their high feſtival, the SISTER's crown,
With honour to diſtinguiſh'd merit due,
And plac'd in public eminence. For now
Apart from care and buſineſs, thro' their tribes
Aſſembling 'mid their native groves and ſtreams
In annual ſtate, they hold autumnal feaſt
In ſocial joy and gladneſs, meet return
To heav'nly POW'RS, beſt incenſe to aſcend
From grateful hearts, with conſcious bliſs to ſhare
The gifts of Providence. Of honeſt front,
Came Toil, with vig'rous race, in ruſſet weed,
Reaping the fields he ſow'd, in Doric mirth,
Sweet interval, beyond the joys of Pride,
And pamper'd luxury, carouſing, brief,
The year is clos'd, their taſk renews with morn.

THE village, ſee! and rural ſcene is throng'd
With ſuch bold yeomanry, as once relum'd
Declining ROME, now ALBION's manly boaſt,
In whoſe firm breaſts the love of country burns,
Courage ſedate, diſdain of ſervitude,
And conſcious pride of Liberty, who ſmiles
Gay at the rural taſk. Their genial hour
To bleſs, in blooming bevy, hand in hand,
The ſilvan VIRTUES came; bright INNOCENCE,
In virgin robes begirt, and TEMP'RANCE pure;
Amid the roſes of her cheeks betray'd,
Unconſcious of her worth, with down-caſt eye,
Sweet modeſt MERIT, PEACE with placid mien,
ACTIVITY with ſparkling eye, and HEALTH's
Fair ſwelling form, with harmleſs PLEASANCE gay.

Amid her trooping wood nymphs CERES came,
With her own treaſures crown'd, queen of the feaſt,
In bloom of female beauty: lib'ral, round,
A bounteous goddeſs, ſhe her golden horn
With plenty ſhook. POMONA, with her ſpoils,
A fragrant tribute; PALES too was there,
And chaſte EUPHROSYNE, and faithful LOVE,
And youthful HYMEN born on purple wings,
High wav'd his torch, and oft relum'd his flame,
With light of radiant eyes, at dance or ſong:
Whilſt all-reclin'd beneath the cooling ſhade
Of ſpreading plantain or palmettos fair,
Along the margin of meand'ring ſtreams,
The MANLY THRONG, pleas'd with communion ſweet
Of ſocial converſe, blend their hearts and thoughts,
In rational delight, their prime repaſt.
Or, as meet relaxation, they unbend
To jocund fancy, wit, and ſportive mirth,
Or quaff the mellow vintage, ev'ry eye
Brightens with conſcious bliſs, and ev'ry cup
With more than nectar'd joys o'erflows, to think
Their HAPPINESS how great and how ſecure.

EACH mountain hoar, each verdant hill begirt
With native groves, as conſcious of the TRAIN
Benignant, o'er their ſubject vallies wav'd
A deep'ning freſher ſhade. The valleys crown'd
With golden ſpoils of harveſt, ſung acclaim
In rural jubilee. Along the bank
Of ev'ry ſwelling flood or ſtream adorn'd
With hamlets fair the GENII paſs'd, and lo!
The rural ſcene roſe fairer, and the land
Pour'd forth her ſwarming myriads, ev'ry ſhore
Shouted for joy, and in the green-wood ſhade
The harmleſs ſylvans and the dryads held

Their feſtival. So in Arcadian plains
Where bards inſpired ſung the golden age,
Deſcending Genii leagu'd in conſort ſweet
With favour'd mortals, held their bliſsful reign
Unſtain'd by modern crimes. The ſeaſons ſmil'd;
Spontaneous, Earth her double harveſts gave,
And Spring eternal knit in jocund dance
With blooming Ceres, and the ſon of Jove
Their bliſsful choirs led on the margin green
Of fam'd Eurota by Laconia's ſhore.

In that bleſs'd ſeaſon, from the deeps reveal'd
To every eye, the ALBION GENIUS ſhone
In dreaded Majeſty, as whilom ſeen,
The martial guardian of this fav'rite ſhore.
His lofty head above the clouds encrown'd
With triple radiance flam'd: the gath'ring ſtorm
Still as he frown'd with anger boding brow,
In deeper darkneſs clos'd, or burſting ſtream'd
With lightning. On his arm, with horrent blaze
Of Gorgon terror, rout, and fell diſmay,
To hoſtile pow'r, th' etherial ægis roſe;
And in his hand, enſign of ſovereign ſway,
The brandiſh'd ſpear of mighty NEPTUNE ſhook
Each hoſtile realm, and Ocean's diſtant iſles.

ATTENDED by his conquering hoſts he came,
And dreaded navy, on the ſubject ſeas,
The champion bold of freedom, to aſſert
Each ſacred right, when injur'd nations cry
Like Heav'n's loud ſtorm to ſhake a guilty world.
From ALBION's iſle three ample ſtrides he took,
Beneath the fourth trembled the fluent deep,
And ATALANTA's coaſts. Round he ſurvey'd
The happy region rich in arts and arms,

And crouding nations that in peace repoſe
Beneath his thund'ring ſpear, his treaſure hid
Like a rich diamond in the weſtern wave.
Then as he ſums their various worth, the work
Of lab'ring years, their civil policy,
Their freedom, peace, their opulence and power,
The boons of LIBERTY his daughter fair,
With conſcious pride his ſoul dilates, in hope
More elevate he ſtood with lion port,
Awing each diſtant ſtorm, and thus began
With more than mortal voice, the murmuring winds
Were huſh'd, and each ſuſpended wave, the crowd
Heard their great ORACLE in ſilence rapt.

" HAIL, kindred ſhores! paternal tribes, my ſons,
" The dawn of mighty nations, here to found
" Their peaceful kingdoms, when the wreck of war
" Shall deluge all the eaſt! In ſweet receſs
" Your bow'ring ſhades, your fertile plains, and ſtreams,
" The haunt of rural Genii, pleas'd I hail
" As in Saturnian times, from noxious change
" Of a bad world remote. For you I leave
" AUGUSTA's walls, where fate imperial rule
" Ordains, and from her central throne infolds
" You in the gentleſt circle of her ſway.

" With you, on friendly viſit, would unbend
" From public cares, and o'er your ſilvan ſeats,
" Your marts of commerce, or your cities fair,
" Wand'ring, in gay luſtration, would ſolace
" Mine anxious thoughts, nor leave your gen'rous ſons
" Uncounſel'd to abide the gath'ring ſtorm.

" FOR, in the roll of deſtiny, I mark'd
" As late the brazen archives I ſurvey'd,

" Emblazon'd with your fate, in brighteſt noon
" Your radiant years eclips'd, with lurid gloom,
" And tempeſt ruinous, which threats to ſhake
" Your ſtates to deſolation, ſhould HIGH GRACE
" Of HEAV'N reject you, and the fiends of guilt
" O'er right, and loyalty, and peace prevail,
" In foul conſpiracy. Long have you ſhar'd
" A rich inheritance, in all the bliſs
" Propitious ALBION on her ſons beſtows,
" Her youngeſt offspring, yet not leaſt in love,
" As round your fartheſt ſhores her foſt'ring arms,
" And ſeven-fold ſhield, your prime defence, ſhe rais'd,
" Cheriſh'd your helpleſs infancy, and rear'd
" Your riſing youth to full maturity
" Of ſtrength and glory, and your urgent need
" In adverſe times to aid, her patriot's toil,
" Her lib'ral treaſures, and her richeſt blood
" Has flow'd, when gen'rous HALKET, fearleſs HOWE,
" And WOLFE, in death victorious, greatly gave
" Their valiant lives, the ranſom of your weal:
" So the fam'd bird of wilderneſs, replete
" With ſtrong ſenſations, o'er her callow young,
" Hid in the barren ſolitude, and pierc'd
" With clamant want, hangs anxious, nor delays
" To rear her offspring with her ſtreaming blood.

" O! give not then your eaſy faith betray'd
" To ſly Inſinuation's guileful tongue:
" Nor raſhly judge, by long experience try'd,
" Your faithful FRIEND. Howe'er by vaunted names
" Varniſh'd, or plauſible pretence, ſuſpect
" The cauſe of freedom, as an impious fraud,
" When ſelfiſh avarice, ambition, pride,
" Hatred of righteous government, or worſe
" Licentious outrage, kindle up the flames

" Of jealouſy and diſcord; league to looſe
" Each ſacred bond, and feed with airy dreams
" The cred'lous, of new republic rais'd
" Firm on its own foundations. Can the band
" Of ALBION PATRIOTS, freedom's SENATE, ſtain
" Her annals with oppreſſion! Or, ordain'd
" Her guardians, wound her int'reſt in her ſons!
" Can HE, who in the PUBLIC FATHER veils
" With grace imperial dignity, and reigns
" O'er mighty nations, in their loyal hearts,
" By love, and gratitude, not pow'r ſubdu'd,
" WHO in their bliſs rejoices, and their woe
" Feels with paternal ſympathy, can HE
" Stoop from his golden ſphere! and ſoil the fame
" Of patriot dignity, by ignoble acts
" Of tyrant uſurpation! Sooner ſhall
" Hyperion, wand'ring, his etherial path
" Forſake, and radiant planets quench their fires.

" SOLE for your good HE reigns. The ſacred laws
" Which bind the ſubject people, jointly curb
" The legiſlative pow'rs, as fram'd for all,
" In triple league; what madneſs to diſſolve
" This ſacred bond of loyalty and peace!
" I ſee the hurrying fates come on, the times
" Of deſolation: Sacrilege invades
" The ſeats of Concord, and o'erturns her throne.
" In theſe bad days, ſee! proud Seduction charms
" The cred'lous multitude, with falſe detail
" Of native freedom injur'd, native claim
" Of empire ſeparate. The ſwelling theme,
" Bandy'd by upſtart patriots, factious prieſts,
" Who Judas-like again the PRINCE of PEACE,
" In his deluded ruin'd FLOCK betray,
" For the ſame paltry bribe, the golden dream

" Of guilty eminence, the price of blood,
" Shall rouſe a popular phrenzy, and withdraw
" From juſt allegiance myriads. Mark, my ſons!
" This faithful warning ere too late, nor bar
" Againſt yourſelves ſweet MERCY's gates. The rights,
" The glorious freedom of unnumber'd tribes
" That croud fam'd ALBION's empire, ſafely reſt
" In their chief aſylum, her SENATE, where
" The ſoul of freedom, juſtice, public love,
" Fertile in good, and with a parent's care,
" Moſt tender of the children's right, delights
" To fix her reſidence, and blazing full
" In ſteady PATRIOTS, like the fervour bold
" Of Roman TULLY, or of CATO, flows
" From kindred hearts that urge their country's good,
" And to this central point their conſtant zeal
" Turning, as faithful magnet ſeeks the pole.

" HERE found on NATIVE BASE your NATIVE RIGHTS
" In filial confidence, and ſcorn the lure
" Of Siren traitors, who with plauſive tale
" Of heav'n-born liberty profan'd, would hide
" Their private indignation, luſt of pow'r,
" The woes of anarchy, and ruffian war,
" And likeſt Stygian fiends, from bliſsful ſtate
" Seduc'd, would tempt you down the giddy ſteep
" To yawning gulphs of ruin and deſpair."

THE GENIUS ſpoke, and o'er the fav'rite clime,
With look benign, his ſhady ægis ſpread,
Their ſhield of ſafety; while his glitt'ring ſpear,
And vollied thunder rattling from his arm,
Diſpell'd the ſtorm, ſhook ev'ry adverſe ſhore,
And Diſcord pierc'd with terror and diſmay.

THE END.

To the Memory of the Hon. W—— L——.

——*Si quid mea carmina poſſunt.*

Canto I.

SWEET William was an Earl's ſon,
His parents' joy and pride,
With Knightly bow'rs their caſtle ſhone,
By *Leven*'s cryſtal tide:
His breath was like the vernal air,
His cheeks of roſeate hue,
His manly form beyond compare,
His eyes like April dew.
Yet well he lov'd in ſweat and toil
To train his youthful morn,
Aurora's dawn would oft beguile
With voice of hound and horn;
From grot and bow'r would oft repair
The nymphs with ſly reſort,
Like *Echo* for *Narciſſus* fair,
To watch the hunter's ſport.
Whoſe ſweet officious courteſies,
Meeting repulſe would prove,
With bluſhing charms how he defies
The guile of ſoft'ning love.
Like that *ſweet boy* * whom *Venus* woo'd,
He love with coy diſdain,
Would ſcorn, and laurel'd Fame purſu'd
Amidſt his dauntleſs train.
And now, with ſparkling eyes, he hears
War's brazen trumpets roar,
"To arms! her creſt Rebellion rears,
"On *Atalanta*'s ſhore!"
In vain his lovely *Siſters* ſue
His ardour to repreſs,
In vain his *Mother*, drown'd in woe;
He leaves their fond embrace.
And he has plow'd the ſea-green wave,
With many a martial train,
All ſworn the groaning land to ſave
From Faction's galling chain.

For likeſt Stygian fiends among,
With bloody flags unfurl'd,
Rebellion march'd her lawleſs throng,
To ſpoil the weſtern world.
And by her ſide, in falſe diſguiſe
Of heav'n-born *Liberty*,
Licentious faction, ſpeaking lies,
Strode in proud rivalry.
With blazing torches arm'd, before,
Blood-thirſty zealots hy'd
Cities and temples to devour,
By impious flames deſtroy'd.
And ſtill as Outrage eas'd her arm
O'ertoil'd, a Judas crew
Of Athieſt prieſts, with fell alarm,
Kindled the flames anew.
Heavier Oppreſſion laid her rod
On ev'ry loyal head,
And thro' bright *Peace!* thy bleſs'd abode,
Vi'lence and rapine ſpread.
The *Britiſh* hoſt with eager ſails,
The ocean's dragon ſought,
And in her dreadful den aſſails,
From morn to eve they fought.
How glow'd *ſweet William*'s gen'rous ſoul,
Amid the ſtrife of arms,
Whoſe only wiſh was to controul
Rebellion's fierce alarms!
For *Britain*'s glory ſole he draws
The ſteel, nor prizes fame,
An empty ſound!—his country's cauſe
Inſpires a nobler flame.
Now by a thouſand foes inclos'd,
With *Murray* † cut his way,
And fearleſs *Scot*, like lions rous'd,
They drive the trembling prey.

* Adonis.

† Sir William Murray of Balmanno, Bart. a Scots officer of family, and of uncommon merit.—In the important action of Long Iſland, Aug. 28. his regiment, the gallant 17th, had the poſt of honour in that brigade which ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed themſelves under the conduct of the brave Gen. Grant.—Sir William was unfortunately ſlain at the head of the advanced guard, as he was bravely encouraging the ſoldiers.

Now toils by valiant PERCY's ſide,
Where ſpears and banners burn,
Where HE, the ſoldier's *friend* and *pride*,
Does War's dread fortune turn:
Or follows where fair *England*'s KNIGHT,
Like guardian angel flew,
Triumphant 'mid the deadly fight,
To ſave the vanquiſh'd crew.
Ah! 'mid the horrent claſh of arms,
He miſs'd his warlike *friend*,
Who wont, in time of fierce alarms,
His per'lous ſteps to tend;
And oft o'er the embattl'd plain
He call'd, and o'er the heath,
And oft *ſweet William* rang'd in vain
The pallid heaps of death.
At laſt, low in the ſilent vale,
He found this *knight* ſo true,
A lifeleſs corpſe, all ghaſtly pale,
His looks of deadly hue.
" Ah! early loſt! like ſome ſweet flow'r,
" Death on thy prime does prey,
" How gallant 'mid the battle's ſtour,
" And now a clod of clay!
" Ah! how ſhall I ſuch tidings bear
" To *Taia*'s winding ſhore!
" How tell thy wailing *kindred* dear,
" I ſaw thee ſtretch'd in gore!"
With tears they bathe his crimſon wound,
With tears bedew his grave;
His tomb with laurel wreaths is crown'd,
Beſide the ſea-green wave.

Dulce et decorum pro patria mori.

CANTO II.

AS yet wild tumult rends the ſhores,
And o'er th' enſanguin'd plain
Rebellion, dy'd in blood, deplores
Her fierceſt champions ſlain:
Nor quell'd by foul diſcomfiture,
Like ſerpent for her prey,
Gath'ring her train with guileful lure,
She watch'd a better day.

And ſoon that better day drew near,
When Fate revers'd her loom,
With keen revenge, and conflicts drear,
And many a warrior's doom.
Ev'ning drew on her ſilent reign,
Still as the watch of death,
Sweet William, with his faithful train,
Pitch'd on the whiſtling heath.
'Twas Honour's poſt, who wreathes her brow
With danger, death, and fame,
Hither to curb th' inſulting foe,
With dauntleſs band ſhe came.
Now ev'ry eye was clos'd in ſleep,
All in his tent reclin'd,
William allay'd in ſlumbers deep,
The bale of anxious mind.
Like one ſome direful meſſage ſent,
With ſorrow to diſcloſe,
A ſhrowded ghoſt before his tent,
His ſlaughter'd *friend* aroſe:
" Why ſleep ſecure on hoſtile ground!
" The foe have croſs'd the wave,
" With myriads ſworn, like captives bound
" To thrall our vet'rans brave.
" See! MAWHOOD turns the battle's tide,
" See hoſtile champions ſlain;
" I ſee the purple wounds you hide,
" Slow drooping o'er the plain.
" Follow! where *patriot worth* defies
" All dangers, death, or ſhame,
" Who greatly for his country dies,
" Lives to immortal fame."
In air the mournful viſion fled,
Sweet William, nought diſmaid,
Sprung from a hardy ſoldier's bed,
And thus ſubmiſſive ſaid:
" THOU, who in uncreated light
" Preſides, whoſe GRACE on high
" Conducts the erring world aright,
" And heaven's immenſity:
" Thy ſoldier ſee! no ſelfiſh cauſe
" Of guilty war purſue,
" The ſword his injur'd *country* draws,
" To whom his life is due:

" Whate'er my doom by thy decree,
" O may *Britannia* reign,
" Like Concord o'er wild Anarchy,
" And Faction's flames reſtrain!"
Faint gleam'd the early dawn of morn,
He hears with boding ſound
Of loud alarm his *Chieftain*'s horn;
The warrior's arm around.
Before his loyal troop he flew,
Like lightning o'er the field,
And ſwift where threat'ning danger grew,
He interpos'd his ſhield.
But what can courage! what can ſkill,
Againſt the deadly weight
Of ſavage numbers, who, with guile,
Th' indignant bands beſet.
In wedging brigade thrice they toil'd,
To hew their bloody way,
And thrice, in circling orb recoil'd,
Repair'd their grim array.
Yield LESLIE! yield! accept, young knight!
The terms which we bequeath,
Nor longer in unequal fight,
Brave an untimely death!—
The ſteel replies: With many a paſs
The deſp'rate heroes cloſe,
And many a ſoldier preſs'd the graſs,
Amid his dying foes.
Breathing revenge the *Britons* fierce
Explore their bloody way,
The rebel toils like lions pierce,
To rend the hunter prey:
Then thro' the horrid breach of war,
Victorious pour amain,
And joyful 'ſcap'd, review afar,
The hoſtile heaps of ſlain.
But ah! ſoon ſets their clouded joy!
William's deep wound reveal'd
Damps ev'ry heart with ſad annoy,
He ſinks upon the field!
All help is vain; the life blood ſtreams
Adown his ſnowy breaſt!
His eyes grow dim, two ſetting beams
By death's dark ſhades o'ercaſt!
The dying *hero* by the hand,
His mournful *Chieftain* took,
Aghaſt the victor *cohort* ſtand,
All faint *ſweet William* ſpoke:
" Droop not my gallant friends diſmay'd!
" I meet a glorious death;
" *Britain* triumphs!" he bow'd his head,
And peaceful yields his breath.
So have I ſeen a lily fair,
Which vernal hues adorn,
Sink, blaſted by the bluſt'ring air,
Of all its beauty ſhorn:
So, ſcorch'd by light'ning's ſulph'rous blaſt,
Spoil'd of its lordly guiſe,
In duſt the flow'ry * poplar caſt,
A glitt'ring ruin lies.
O fatal doom of war! full well
Britain for thee might ſpare
Her ſons who baſk in ſlothful cell,
And mock the public care;
Whoſe idle paſtime, dance, and ſong,
Or ſhameleſs riot lewd,
While in the battle's cloſing throng,
The braveſt ſpend their blood.
For thee, *ſweet youth!* in Scotia's vale,
The *wood-nymphs* fair ſhall weep,
And wailing *Echo* tell thy tale,
In ev'ry mountain ſteep.
In ſilent grief thine *Eden* flow,
And *Leven* ſwoll'n with tears,
As thro' the grove in fun'ral woe,
Thy whitening ſpire appears.
Short was thy race! the ſetting flame
Proclaims how high might grow
The laurels of thy deathleſs fame,
Had fate delay'd the blow.
But ah! they dig thine early grave
By *Milſone*'s crimſon ſhores,
Thy *Parents* mourn their *William* brave,
Thy *country* thee deplores!

March 18.

* A beautiful ſpecies of that tree peculiar to the ſouthern climates.

Sacred to the Memory of Col. ABERCROMBIE, *of Major* PITCAIRNE *of* Dyſart, *and their very gallant Fellow-Officers and Soldiers who fell in their Country's Cauſe in purſuit of Victory againſt the* REBELS *at* Bunker's-Hill, *July* 17. 1775.

WHAT godlike form from yon imperial car
Deſcends to trace the horrid waſte of war!
'Tis BRITAIN ſorrowing o'er her martial train,
With cruel wounds by doom of battle ſlain.
Nor crown, nor wreathe her locks diſhevell'd wear,
She rends her laurels for her HEROES bier;
She beats her breaſt, and, grov'ling on the ground,
Embalms with tears each mangled ſoldier's wound,
Calls on each dying CHIEF, and crowns the brave
With living fame beyond the ghaſtly grave.
True to her cauſe, a ſcanty loyal band,
They brav'd rebellion's hoſts on BOSTON's ſtrand,
Struggling for BRITAIN in the throat of death,
They peal'd her triumph with their lateſt breath.
'Mid war's dread thunder as immortal ſtood,
And ſeal'd her coſtly conqueſt with their blood.
And now ſhe celebrates their obſequies
With honours due, and bids their trophies riſe;
On bleeding heart inſcribes each fav'rite name,
Her SONS beſt monument to live to fame:
And ever turning where the tombs around
Of loyal valour bleſs the hallow'd ground,
In Fancy's ear laments with wailing cry,
" On yonder ſhore my clay-cold WARRIORS lie."

THUS when bold faction leagu'd with impious hate,
To rend the Roman or the Grecian ſtate,
Muſter'd her lawleſs myriads, ſtill in vain,
Some orphan'd matron 'mid the PATRIOT ſlain,

Her ſlaughter'd ſons with ſpeechleſs grief hangs o'er,
With briny tears laving the crimſon gore;
Thanks the great gods they for their country bled,
Then lays her CHILDREN with the honour'd dead;
While hov'ring o'er th' etherial herald Dame,
Sounds to the liſt'ning world their JUST ACCLAIM.

Sept. 1775.

VERSES for General WOLFE's Monument.

HERE reſts the CHIEF, with civic honours crown'd,
Immortal WOLFE! thro' either world renown'd:
His country's boaſt, who FREEDOM's thunder bore,
And conqu'ring banners o'er CANADA's ſhore:
Whoſe ſoul of glory, Bourbon's fierce controul,
Could bound the BRITISH empire with the Pole.
THRICE loyal! brave, and politic in war!
Fall'n in thy zenith! like a blazing ſtar:
"BRITAIN triumphs," the bleeding VICTOR cry'd,
And, ſmiling in the arms of conqueſt, dy'd.
HAIL, patriot worth! nor can proud fame afford
To rival the bright trophies of thy ſword;
Nor conſcious BRITAIN boaſt a nobler wreath,
GLORY and EMPIRE purchas'd by thy death:
Thy DEATH remoteſt ages ſhall admire;
Thy TROPHIES only with the world expire.

Sept. 7. 1760.